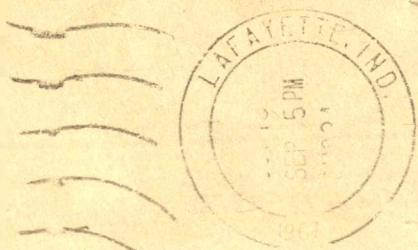


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LAFAYETTE, INDIANA



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Wabash Valley Historical Museum, Vigo Co.
Terre Haute
Indiana

Community Affairs File

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TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA

Lee, Tom

ans Sept 8

MEMO FROM
ALAMEDA MCCOLLOUGH

Sept. 3, 1967

Dear Mrs. Clark:

This had better land in your waste basket rather than mine, that is, unless you have a place for rather bad poetry of local persons in your files.

We were given some misc. clippings, pictures etc. from Mr. Ebershoff's effects and many of them have been useful.

I hope all goes well with you and that you have drawn a good breath (restful) before school begins.

Sincerely,

A McC



TOM LEE OUR HERO

We take off our hats to Tom Lee today
For the brave part that he did play,
When he risked his own sweet life to save
Drowning souls from a watery grave.
That he played bravely his part we all know,
For this the splendid results show
As by the count of many who knew
Old Death was robbed of thirty-two.
And while we think of his daring feat
Let some of us drop our conceit,
And in things both human and divine
Let us be to each other kind.
And do not let cruel prejudice
Prevent us from giving justice
For had Lee imitated others,
He'd not viewed them as brothers.
And would have given but little care
For the many souls drowning there.
But he had the heart of a hero—
One that true bravery would show,
Which in the time of risk or danger
Will work to save friend or stranger.
This is what our brave Tom Lee has done,
And while time's changes go and come,
This deed of his so full of glory,
Will live both in song and story.
Again we take off our hats today,
And our highest tributes we pay
To Tom Lee who labored hard to save
Drowning souls from a watery grave.

REV. M. W. SPARKS
Indiana's Leading Poet
734 Harding Ave.

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Ind. Case

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SELECTED POEMS

Interspersed with Epigrams
and Satires

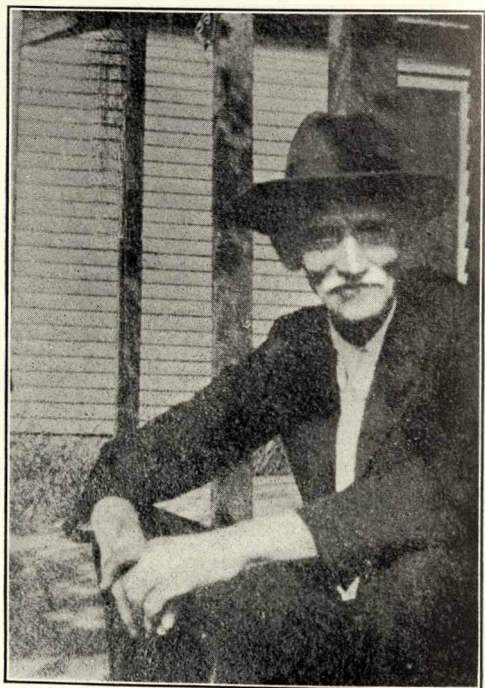
By

CHARLES L. SELLMAN

Terre Haute Poet

REFERENCE
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A GIFT BOOK



CHARLES L. SELLMAN

SELECTED POEMS

Interspersed with
Epigrams and Satires

BY

CHARLES L. SELLMAN

Terre Haute Poet

cop. 1



Emeline Fairbanks Mem. Library

COLLECTED BY HIS CHILDREN AND
PUBLISHED BY JOHN L. SELLMAN
Thayer Building, Norwich, Conn.

MEMORIAL EDITION

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John L. Sellman

To Our Mother

TENA SELLMAN

Who Loved Greatly
and Suffered Much

All the Epigrams in this book were first published by the Smart Set under the editorship of H. L. Mencken

"The Same Old Eve" appeared in the national magazine, Satire, which ceased publication some years ago

"The Little High Chair" was published many years ago in a magazine of the Prudential Insurance Co.

CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
"Doc" Sellman	
An Editorial.....	7
The Lord's Prayer In Verse.....	11
The Poet and The Bird.....	12
Another Fallen Angel.....	13
A Christmas Letter To Mother.....	14
My Sweetheart.....	15
Bachelor Bill.....	16
A Bouquet of Flowers.....	18
The Sacred Flower	
The Flower of Love	
The Flower of Courage	
The Same Old Eve.....	19
Women.....	19
The Little High Chair.....	20
Hope.....	20
A Recognition.....	21
Fame.....	22
Her Eyes.....	23
Dear Old Terre Haute	
Song.....	24
Water and Sand.....	26
Fear Not Death.....	27
Love.....	28
"Bloweth Where It Listeth".....	29
A Wish For You	
Song.....	30

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its fragrance on the desert air.

—GRAY'S ELEGY

"DOC" SELLMAN, POET AND
EPIGRAM WRITER

An Editorial by G. D. P. in the
Terre Haute Post.

"Doc" Sellman, poet and writer of epigrams,
is dead.

He passes on as one of that great host of unknown singers and philosophers who, for one reason or another, never attract much attention outside their own small circles, but who, in different times or in different circumstances, might rise to great heights.

Mr. Sellman himself expressed this yearning soul hunger of his kind in one of his own writings:

A poet there was in the days of old
Whose songs would have lived for all time,
But they put him in prison for reasons of state
And the world never heard of his rhyme.

This Terre Haute poet was somewhat of an iconoclast; he found pleasure in pointing out the flaws in present day institutions and ideas.

One of his epigrams was credited by H. L. Mencken, famous editor for whose Smart Set

Magazine Mr. Sellman contributed many epigrams, as being the outstanding epigram of the decade 1910-1920. It was:

"When love dies there is no funeral—the corpse remains in the house."

There are many "Doc" Sellmans—poets with a message for the world that the world never hears; singers whose songs are wasted; artists whose art brings only a realization of their possibilities and none of the fruits thereof.

They climb the mountain and see the Promised Land in the distance but they cannot reach it.

We once heard a disappointed writer expound the theory that the most unhappy persons on earth are those who can write just a little, paint just a little, or play a musical instrument in a mediocre fashion.

They have all the yearning of the great artist, but they cannot live by their art and develop it, gaining the satisfaction that comes from the appreciation of others.

This, however, is the wrong view.

The real artist gets his reward from his own satisfaction.

The creative worker, whether the writer of songs or the baker of cakes, finds food for his soul in the mere accomplishment of the task.

It is better to have written a poem that nobody ever read than to have written no poem at all.

THE LORD'S PRAYER
IN VERSE

Our Father, which art in Heaven above,
Hallowed be Thy name with love;
On earth as in Heaven Thy kingdom come,
On earth as in Heaven Thy will be done.
Give us the bread by which we live,
And forgive, O Lord, as we forgive;
Lead us not in the tempter's way,
Keep us from evil, for this we pray;
And Thine shall be the glory of all men
Now and forever, amen, amen.

The Above Verse and the Poem on
the Next Page Were Read at
Mr. Sellman's Bier

THE POET AND THE BIRD

A poet there was, in the days of old,
Whose songs would have lived for all time,
But they put him in prison for reasons of state
And the world never heard of his rhyme.
What words of sweet music, what songs of love,
Had his Muse but taken to wing!
For here was a singer God gave to man
Who never had a chance to sing.

A poor little bird by the roadside lay;
Too soon had it flown from the nest.
The wind and the rain beat it down to the
earth
And crushed the life from its breast.
Dig a hole in the sand, we'll bury the bird;
Place a flower by the wee sma' thing;
For here was a singer God gave to man
Who never had a chance to sing.

There's a poet and bird in every breast,
Precious gifts of God's offering;
The poet is Hope and the bird is Love,
And they want but a chance to sing.
Don't stifle, don't kill the poet and bird
With selfishness, envy or hate;
For Hope leads the soul up to heaven
And Love will open the gate.

ANOTHER FALLEN ANGEL

St. Peter stood at the heavenly gate
And watched the crowd going the other way.
There had been quite a falling-off of late—
So many souls seemed bent on going astray.
Then beckoning to his side a deputy,
He bade him watch the portals for awhile.
"For I," said he, "am going below to see
What tricks the Devil uses to beguile
The sons of men. For, by my beard, I trow
He has some scheme of which we do not know."

A half hour late the saint got out
Beside the whitewashed walls of Hades.
He had traveled by the aerial route,
A road much used by all the shades.
Strange noises came from the other side—
Yells, screeches, catcalls and the like;
And someone cried, "Slide, Kelley, slide!"
And then another louder voice, "One strike!"
"Ho, ho!" quoth Peter, hurrying through the
door,
"Baseball it is—I wonder what's the score!"

A CHRISTMAS LETTER TO MOTHER

Don't forget your dear old mother
On this joyous Christmas Day;
Let her know you're thinking of her,
Though she's wrinkled, old and gray.

Tell her all your trials and troubles,
Tell her of your hopes and fears;
Trifling things like airy bubbles
Comfort her declining years.

If you've reached ambition's summit,
If you've climbed the hills of fame,
All you are and have you won it
When you learned to lisp her name;

When she rocked you in the cradle,
When she sang a lullaby;
Told you story, fact and fable
As you stood beside her knee.

So sit down and write a letter;
Tell her what you've often told:
That you love her more and better
Now that she is growing old.

MY SWEETHEART

She is shy when I am bold,
Bold when I am shy,
Laughter rippling from her throat,
While a tear is in her eye;
Pouting to get what she wants,
Or cooing like a dove.
These are the tricks she uses
In that little game of love.



Great love comes only to that heart where
it was long denied.



A man never knows beforehand what a
woman will do. Neither does a woman.



No woman is as good as she pretends to be
nor as pretty as she looks.

BACHELOR BILL

Yes, I live alone in this cabin;
I s'pose I always will.
Folks around in these parts,
They call me Bachelor Bill.
I don't mind tellin' you, stranger,
Seein' as you're all alone
And how you come from the Hoosier state
An' that be my old home.
I come out here to Kansas
'Long about '68;
Hired out to a farmer
And 'twas here I met my fate.
One day I was out on the prairie
With the mule team, haulin' hay,
When a gal came down the road,
Ridin' a pony—a bay.
The crittur shied and throwed her
And I—well, then we met
And it warn't long afterward
Till the weddin' day was set.
Then I took down with a fever,
One of them ketchin' kind;
I raved like one distracted—
In fact, I was out of my mind.
The doctor said I was done for,
Because I had no nurse;
Folks was 'fraid as pizen
And day after day I got worse.

Then she come, God bless her,
And nursed me back to life.
Folks talked a heap
Because she warn't my wife.

Talk about heaven, stranger,
And how good the angels be;
Why, she was better'n the angels
As the angels are better'n me.

She left when I got better;
Her father came for her—
Said the way she was actin'
Was creatin' quite a stir.

She looked at him for a minute
And then she looked at me;
Her eyes shone bright like diamonds
And her face was good to see.

But she took down her shawl and bonnet
And came to the bed where I lay.
"Goodbye, Bill," she said;
And then—she went away.

Stranger, I never see'd her again,
For the very next week I heard
That she had died of the fever
And they never sent me word.

So I live alone in this cabin,
Me and that yellor cur.
I thought as how she died for me
I could 'ford to live for her.

A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS

The Sacred Flower

When Christ was in the garden,
So the ancient legend goes,
He kneeled beside a barren bush—
When lo! it bloomed a rose.
He raised His hand in blessing
And from that day and hour,
Because of this great honor,
'Tis called the sacred flower.

The Flower of Love

A weed and a flower grew side by side
All the long summer through;
Mingling their leaves, their branches tied,
Oh, they were lovers true!
For when the weed withered and died,
The flower it perished too.

The Flower of Courage

A little leafless, broken flower
Growing beside a beaten path,
Trampled and torn it doth not cower
But waves one bloom, all it hath.

THE SAME OLD EVE

When Eve was in the Garden,
 With Adam by her side,
A question she propounded
 For Adam to decide;
And every Eve since Adam
 Has this faculty innate,
Of asking the same old question:
 "Is my hat (hair; leaf) on straight?"



WOMEN

Some women exhilarate like a glass of old wine;
 Some chafe like a badly laundered shirt;
Some soothe like a good cigar; and
 Some are like an aching tooth in the night!



Half the time a woman is unhappy because
she is not sure she will be happy the other
half.

THE LITTLE HIGH CHAIR

The little high chair, in the corner there,
Is empty now all the day;
For an angel of light came to earth one night
And took our sweet baby away.

The cradle and cot will ne'er be forgot
As long as memory'll last;
The old rubber doll and her playthings all,
We treasure them now for the past.

But the smile of her face, the prattle and grace,
With the sunshine, has gone from our home;
And heaven must be much fairer to see
Since heaven has got back its own.



HOPE

Like a long neglected garden is my heart—
With briars, bushes, and tall weeds looming,
But in one corner, somewhat apart,
A rose bush, and a hollyhock are blooming!

A RECOGNITION

O a woman's tears and a woman's smile
And a woman's fond farewell!
Arms that entwine,
Kisses divine
And a love that goes down to hell!

These are the things that have made of men
Something more than beasts of the field;
These are the things that have given to men
All of heaven yet revealed.



When love dies there is no funeral—the
corpse remains in the house.



Some men are husbands merely because some
women disliked to be called old maids.



Few men understand women—and those
who do few women understand.

FAME

I opened the morning paper,
And the first thing that met my eyes
Was a picture, head and shoulders,
Of a man who looked most wise.
I looked at his classic features,
Broad brow and massive head;
"Inventor, poet or statesman,
Or some great general?" I said.
Then I read his name beneath the cut;
'Twas Sylvester Ambrose Pitts.
He had taken a patent medicine
And was cured of falling fits.



She lifted her eyes to me,
I lifted my hat like a man;
Then I saw her face had been lifted,
So I lifted my feet and ran!



Money may not be able to buy true love,
but it can furnish all the accessories.

HER EYES

I think her hair was brown with glints of gold;
I think she wore some ribbons, bows and ties;
I think that she was tall, not very tall—
To tell the truth I only saw her eyes.

So dark were they, so lustrous and so soft,
Like stars deep mirrored in a forest pool,
Like violets on a dew-wet early morn—
I saw her eyes as she went by to school.



A woman will bear much neglect from a
man who loves violently.



If you squeeze the hand of a woman who has
a history, she will wonder how much you
know.

DEAR OLD TERRE HAUTE

Song

I've traveled about in every clime,
Seen many places of note;
But when I want a royal time,
I come back to Terre Haute.

Chorus

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
For the city on the Wa';
She's the best I ever saw.
Take off your hat and doff your coat,
And here's a bumper to wet your throat,
For dear old, dear old Terre Haute!

II

'Twas here loved Thompson lived and died,
And here great Voorhees cast his vote;
And Riley, with a fame flung wide
He sang in praise of Terre Haute.

III

And there beside that classic stream
Of which Paul Dresser wrote,
In midday and in midnight dream
I see again my Terre Haute.

IV

No matter where I chance to roam
These words I often quote;
"There's no place like home, sweet home,"
My dear old, dear old Terre Haute!

V

And you dear comrades, far away,
In distant lands remote;
I know, I know you often say,
My dear old, dear old Terre Haute!"



When the girl you kiss gives as good as you
give, you are not getting firsts.



Most married women are all that wives
should be, though not always to their own
husbands.

WATER AND SAND

Wandered in the woods today
Amid the stately trees;
Heard a songster roundelay,
Felt the moving breeze.

Sat beside a little brook
Which ran its life away,
Water gathering in a nook
Formed in miniature—a bay.

Leaned far o'er the sandy brink
To watch a darting fin,
Would have been there yet, I think,
But the darned old bank caved in!



Every old maid has a sweetheart who died.



If you would have the last word with a
woman, keep her mouth full of kisses.

FEAR NOT DEATH

He who paints the robin's breast,
Greens the leaf, and tints the flower,
Sends the sunshine and the shower—
He knoweth what for all is best.
Who guides the wayward bee back home,
Teaches the birds to build their nest,
The furrowing mole where to roam—
He knoweth what for all is best!



In a love entanglement the woman furnishes
the love and the man the necessary precautions.



When a man and his wife thoroughly understand each other, Love bids them adieu.

LOVE

Love is a wonderful thing;
It comes like the breath of spring,
Lures us away for a holiday
Where flowers bloom and where birds sing.
But for every kiss, for each drop of bliss,
We have to pay, we have to pay!
For love is a terrible thing!



A man makes friends but a woman makes
only acquaintances and lovers.



When a man ceases to lie to his wife, his
love for her has grown cold.



A woman loves a man more intensely if she
knows her love is making another woman
suffer.

"BLOWETH WHERE IT
LISTETH"

The wind blows high. The wind blows low.
Where does it blow from? I don't know.
Hurrying, scurrying around the house,
Wrestling the rose bush in a friendly jouse;
Through the fields, across the farms,
Over the hills with spreading arms;
Into the woods with quickening pace:
Driving the leaves in a maddening race.
The wind blows high. The wind blows low.
Where does it blow to? I don't know.



That love is eternal which begins with a
desire never attained.



A woman is just as pleased by the compli-
ment she fishes for as by the one she receives
for real merit.

A WISH FOR YOU

Song

Just a little sad
 In a world full of sadness;
Just a bit of bad
 In a world full of badness;
Just a touch of mad
 In a world full of madness;
And O so much of glad
 In a world full of gladness!

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Life in Verse

BY

SARAH A. WRIGHT

EMILIE FAIRBANKS MEMORIAL LIBRARY

Ind. Poetry

Life in Verse

BY

SARAH A. WRIGHT

Sarah A Wright.

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—by—

SARAH A WRIGHT

916 Lafayette Avenue

Terre Haute, Ind.



Life in Verse

TO CAESAR

He did not ask credentials when he was brought to me,
Such things were not essential to his nature, I could see.
I merely gave a gentle pat to his sleek glossy head,
He licked my hand with ardor that meant nothing need be
said.

Two dollars and a half I paid and clinched the bargain there,
The dog was mine, the vendor said, "You'll find he needs
some care,

Give him a bath when you get home." I glibly said I would.
I wondered why his sleek head shone, but soon I understood.

With one small paw he aptly scratched amongst his fluffy
hair,

I bent down closer as I watched—a thousand lice were there.
Quick death I thought was urgent for him with his sickening
band,

Then I thought that would be murder for you see he'd licked
my hand.

My sense of justice triumphed, and I swore that he must live,
I was shudd'ring yet defiant, but I knew that bath I'd give.
Yes, I washed and disinfected, combed his silken hair in
strands;

In his eyes love was reflected and again he licked my hand.

Ah! my labor was rewarded, yes a thousand times or more,
For now my home is guarded—he is honest to the core.
When I was sorely stricken and from weakness could not
stand,

I felt my pulses quicken when he came and licked my hand.

I have known the love of humans, there are many I hold dear.
I have known the false and true ones, some to pain and some
to cheer.

But he cares not if I'm brilliant, or as senseless as a log,
So I'll always keep a warm place for my faithful little dog.

LIFE IN VERSE

NIGHTMARE

One night when I'd wearied of life and its way
I hurried myself off to bed;
My mind it had pondered events of the day,
Oh weary my poor aching head.

I'd read in the papers of different things
Of Hi-jackers, holdups and thugs;
When sleep came to fold me in her blessed wings
Oh horrors! I spied a bed-bug.

I muttered and stuttered, I crouched and I cringed,
Oh would that thing crawl onto me?
So quickly to Heaven my prayers they were winged
Beseeching the powers that be.

"Oh Master, I'm weak, I am useless and vain,
So soon I must turn back to dust!
But while on this earth at your will I remain,
Oh spare me from things most accursed.

I thought he stood still 'till the prayer I had said,
Then came as a fly would to honey;
I wriggled, I twisted, I stood on my head,
I'd give him a run for his money.

But still he came on with a glint in his eye,
Like a cat to a saucer of cream—
When I'd given up like a coward to die,
I found it was only a dream.

No bright silken covers do my bed adorn,
My blankets in places are thin,
But no stately monarch more proud of his throne
When I knew there was no bug therein.

Oh! dreaming or waking on life's changing sea
The spectres that cause consternation
So oft they will be—as that bug was to me,
A nightmare of imagination.

THREE LITTLE MAIDS

A little girl tripped off to school—she wore a haughty look,
Her arms were folded lightly round a batch of nice new books
And in the palm of one small hand, a crisp new dollar bill—
Not hard to see that little maid had every wish fulfilled.

Her coat was of the warmest fur—her feet wore dainty shoes
Her hose were silk, her dress the same of lovely pastel hue.
The morning sun shone down upon her bright and shining
curls,

As on the sidewalk she did pass two other little girls.

She did not know them—how could she, they were of poorer
class?

They shyly smiled and stepped aside to give her room to pass.
No thanks she gave, but higher tossed that haughty little head,
As in the hand of one she spied a piece of buttered bread.

The other two did stare in awe not knowing what to think;
A moment they did feel abashed then one did slyly wink,
The other wore a sober look, her feelings sorely hurt,
She gazed upon the richer girl whose manner was so curt.

Ah she was dressed in cotton clothes, a little gingham dress
With cotton hose and little coat that never had been pressed;
But in her eyes a tender light as to her friend she said,
“Oh, Mary, take another bite, I don’t need all this bread.”

As Mary took another bite—the crust was rather tough,
But in her home the bread was scarce—they never had enough,
And little Nell did never tell that she was hungry too,
They made the best of what they had, as many people do.

The rich girl turned—oh was it fate that made her look around?
In all her life she never yet such incident had found!
She did not know why from one piece the two girls should be
fed,

Then to herself she muttered, “Oh, how vulgar and ill bred.”

That night when dressed in dainty lace, the dinner courses thru
She said, “Oh mamma, may I talk a little while to you?”
Then as she held a lighted match to mother’s cigarette,
She whispered, “Mamma, some folks eat without a serviette.”

LIFE IN VERSE

The mother frowned, oh who had told her child of things like
this?

As Eva did the tale unfold no detail did she miss.

Her mother wore a troubled frown as she a bell did ring;

The servant who appeared was told "Your master quickly
bring."

The master he was troubled too—Oh why the quick command,
Had something happened to the ones he loved with ardor
grand?

He was relieved when he did learn just what had caused the
pain,

He took those loved ones on his lap and gently did explain.

"A servant he is ill; the one, we trust to drive our child,
And I'd important conference for stocks are running wild."

He soothed, "My darling, do not mind, she'll walk no more to
school."

Oh pity them, those parents blind, for they will raise a fool.

MARCH

March, you are often unfriendly and cold,
To you is accorded full many a slam;
In childhood we learned of your legend so old,
You can roar like a lion or act like a lamb.

Yet spite of your bluster a mission you fill;
By breathing new hope into many a heart,
With jonquil and crocus and sweet daffodil,
For you is the birthday of spring set apart.

Your name it reminds us of time passing on,
Each year bringing closer the ultimate end;
I feel as I ponder the years that have gone
That close unto human your changes do trend.

O could we remember in trouble's dull roar,
That after the storm more sweet is the calm:
The setback and heartache soon will be o'er,
The lion forgot in the Peace of the Lamb.

THOUGHTS ON MOTHER'S DAY

As every mortal child should know, of love for one another,
Of earthly joys both girls and boys, will justly cherish mother,
And parent's bosoms how they fill, with love for lass or laddie
But this heart of mine works overtime when I remember
Daddie.

What was he? Just a miner man, with heart of purest gold,
And the stories that he told me, maybe other daddies told,
To their adoring children, as they climbed upon their knee,
But surely none could mean so much as Daddie meant to me.

His day was long, his work was hard, with pay as scant could
be,
Yet always some small surplus, p'raps a penny just for me,
But candies I could never buy till I had paid the toll,
And he'd kiss till I was breathless, and as limp as my rag doll.

With step so fleet, I'd run to meet him when his work was done
He shorten'd stride with me 'long side and so we'd wander
home,
Sometimes a feast he'd bring me, which to me was always fine,
A little bit of luncheon he had saved me down the mine.

The time he took for washing endless hours would seem to be.
But when he started eating, all the nice bits were for me.
And the sidelong looks he gave me with the tend'rest lovelight
shone
As I'd whisper "You can't kiss me dad, 'cos you've got wixers
on."

One day when God was checking up His wondrous kingdom
fair,
And decided that He needed yet another angel there,
His choice fell on dear Mother, none so worthy Heaven as she,
But O how sad that left us, brothers, sisters, dad and me.

Yes, the blow it well nigh broke him, tore from him the great-
er part,
When we left her in the churchyard, how he press'd me to his
heart.

In my childish way I wandered why none he kissed the same,
Ah, now I know the secret, I bore my mother's name.

LIFE IN VERSE

Small then I was but destined on earth to fill her place,
And see the lines that agony left on my Daddy's face.
But when the pangs grew bitter, and his arms would me en-
twine,
How could I know that but small part of that caress was mine.
Now year have passed, and Daddie, with raven locks turned
gray,
And eyes grown dim with watching for me now far away,
Does my mother in her Heaven look upon his lonesome plight,
When his heart falls into reverie, as mine has done tonight?

Note: When I came to the U. S. A. I had never heard of
Mother's Day. It is observed only in this country. This poem
portrays the memories aroused.

GOODBYE

Goodbye dear friend, nor must we cast
One parting look behind,
One more handshake. it is the last.
No tears my eyes must blind.

My face must wear a hardened mask,
All truth be hidden there,
No hampering of your future task,
To blight those prospects fair.

Farewell dear friend, e'en now I must
As ever to you smile
As when I gave that faith and trust
You honored all the while.

The chapter it is closed now
The lovely past is gone;
What sacrifice in breaking heart
If 'twill not break alone?

Be still, O heart, if break you must,
Beneath this bitter pain,
E'er we must mingle with the dust,
You cannot throb again.

LIFE IN VERSE

THE OPERATION—Sinus

In Kirksville there's a doctor, a rascal he is too.
His smile is so disarming, he'll fool you thru and thru.
Dear ladies do not trust him when he gazes in your eyes,
For never love he sought there, p'raps a cataract he spies.

You can't know how to take him, his promises are fair
And glib his reassurance, with manner debonnaire.
But yet his softest whisper, would fill my heart with fear,
For I'd know he sought a mastoid in the hind part of my ear.

Nothing in the introduction but a courteous "Howdye do"
And politest of all queries, "Now tell me, how are you?"
Eyes and ears met him alertly, and he found no fault in those,
But things were slightly different when he started on my nose.

In a flash he had decided I had trouble brewing there,
"Just a trivial operation and your prospects will be fair."
With his tone so light and airy, my drooping spirits rose,
No angel there to warn me he would pulverize my nose.

With local anesthesia I could watch his speed and skill
For three days I sung his praises, with a hearty right good will.
My blessings were upon him for a painless operation,
—I didn't know he had in store a Sinus irrigation.

Yes, he started in so blandly, and I thought that all was well,
First I gave a gentle sputter, then a most atrocious yell;
Like a war horse trained to battle, he ignored my tortured cries,
No Heaven held the myriad stars that shone before my eyes.

Oh it seemed a thousand fiends were let loose around my bed,
And a double barrelled shotgun had exploded in my head.
I thought I was in Hades, yelping at the Devil's fair,
All calm, serene, unruffled was that doctor standing there.

My brain is not the brightest, but, always I have known
The darkest hour of all the night is just before the dawn,
So if radiant health should greet me as in happy days gone by,
I may yet bless Dr. Hardy and laud him to the sky.

WEDDED BLISS

Said Silas to Miranda, "It seems that since I wed,
The greatest cares in all the world have settled on my head,
The parson said I took you for better or for worse,
He never said a word about the drain upon my purse.

He gave no warning either that in ten years I would be
That harrassed most of mortals—a man with family;
I've viewed it from all angles and yet today I feel
That marriage with a woman gives a man a rotten deal

You always prate that out of date your newest dress has
grown,
A woman that was satisfied no man has ever known.
If every mortal grievance were laid upon the shelf
I know you'd find a quarrel if you argued to yourself."

Though words like these he uttered far far into the night,
Miranda knew that Silas' bark was worse than Silas' bite;
He always muttered darkly when cash was hinted for
And then he'd ask her gruffly if she needed any more.

Tonight she said "Now Silas, little Jenny needed shoes,
But since you are so poor, why, economy I'll use,
I'll buy some nails and leather, you can fix her shoes at home,
I think that with another sole, they'll wear for months to
come.

Now Silas was disgusted for he hated soling shoes,
But since he was so thrifty, he couldn't well refuse.
Thus caught at disadvantage a final taunt he flung,
"Oh they would wear for years if I could sole them with your
tongue."

Miranda she was nettled as she hastened to reply,
"No doubt you think you're clever as the women you decry.
Yet compared to male transgressors, the wildest one is meek,
And the shoes would wear forever were the uppers from
your cheek."

LIFE IN VERSE

A MAIDEN'S LAMENT

You may prate of grace and beauty, in the tales of love you
tell

To a fox-trot or a one-step partner fair,
In the waltz you're sliding, in her curls your eyes are hiding
And your whispers are of tenderest love so rare.

Not the first to hear those whispers, not the first to feel your
kisses,

Not the first time you have played the lover's part;
As you fondle and caress her, murmuring God in heaven
bless her,

Will you tell her where you left a broken heart?

Memory now is all that's left me, of sweet peace you have be-
reft me,

Gone from me the carefree days I loved to tell,
Yet could one wish be given to the soul that you have riven,
I should say you won her heart, now guard it well.

Did I tell of your deceiving, she would stare all unbelieving,
Not for me to blight her dream of fairy love;
Could she know that on my pillow, rougher tossed than o'er
the billow

I have sighed because your vows you woul not prove.

But I'd cause her no trouble, safe from me the fairy bubble
To shield her innocence my grief I'll hide,
Only trusting she may never, know men were deceivers ever
And the deepest trust a deeper woe betides.

The thorn stabs none but me, none my grief shall ever see
For the story is so old I need not tell
How I played a maiden's part, gave a pure unsullied heart,
The greatest of my sins, I loved too well.

E'er in troubled grief I'd sighed, better far that I had died,
Shattered faith in all the world because of one,
For in life when love is done, hope must die like waning sun
And the next sweet rest must come beyond the tomb.

LIFE IN VERSE

So farewell my faithless one, when your race on life is run
When for you as for the rest the die is cast,
May your conscience settled be, when with memory's golden
key,
You must open up the gateway of the past.

TO MOTHER

Much might be written, and more could be said,
And none would describe yet aright,
Those times when you hovered in love 'round my bed
Before you sought rest for the night.

The furrows of care that the long day had left
With deepest impress on your brow,
Since God has recalled you, and I am bereft
How clearly I vision them now.

My childish days squandered in innocent glee,
What thought I of trouble or care?
No grief could assail nor harm befall me
While I knew that my mother was there.

I saw not the bloom on that lovely soft cheek
Nor the sheen in your raven black hair,
The rest on your bosom so oft did I seek,
An angel was hiding in there.

Oh why were the scales sealed so fast to my eyes,
Oh why was my brain yet so dull
Oh why was it not till the day when you died,
That I saw all your beauty in full?

Yes, mother, I saw it as clear as the light
When from me your spirit had flown,
But it comes back to me with radiance more bright
Through years in which older I've grown.

This nation today all honor will pay
To mother with true adoration,
With many like me whose lips press'd will be
In the folds of a white carnation.

Mother's Day, May 1930

LIFE IN VERSE

TO AN OLD MAID

I have heard many different expressions,
Regarding the elderly maid;
Some folks seem to think it transgression,
While scoffers at times will upbraid.

Some speak yet in open derision
Of women who never owned men,
While some will recount with precision
Humanity's burden in them.

Some think that it was lack of sweethearts,
She never had charm they will say;
Men loved her, but just for a brief part—
They wooed and then hurried away.

How soon they would alter the story
If they knew what I know of one,
Who, thinking of no earthly glory
Her duty so nobly has done.

A frail, little delicate mother
Adoring a daughter so true,
The choice between mother and suitor,
The heartache that only God knew.

The choice quickly made and abided;
The fond lover sent on his way;
The daughter whom angels had guided
With frail little mother to stay.

And then when the mission was over
With mother to rest gently laid,
Too late then to think of the lover,
From thence she must be an old maid.

Oh scoffers, who speak without thinking!
You cause me vexation of soul;
How many of you without shrinking,
So nobly could sacrifice all?

But God understands every mortal,
So wisely the plan He has laid;
If I ever reach His great portal,
I know I'll find many old maids.

THE MISER'S DREAM

A miser sat dreaming at the close of the day,
He had counted his money and stored it away.
In the strongest of vaults he that money did keep;
In the midst of his scheming he dropped off to sleep.

The sleep it was fitful with many a start,
He dreamed that his soul from his body did part;
A moment of choking, a gasping for breath,
And then he encountered the angel of Death.

The angel said "Come, I am waiting for you."
"Oh wait" said the miser, "One thing I must do.
I must get my money I worked for it hard."
"Not so," said the angel, "from wealth you must part!"

The miser he argued till he had his way.
He stealthily crept to where the gold lay,
He knew he was garbed in a beautiful shroud
But, finding no pockets he wailed out aloud.

"Oh come," said the angel, "To Heaven we'll go."
"Oh yes," said the miser, "That's one thing I know.
I've heard many things of that beautiful land
But I'll carry these sacks of gold in my hand."

He clutched at them tight as he journeyed through space,
A look of anxiety still on his face.
If Heaven were such as he'd heard it described,
He thought of the many fine mansions he'd buy.

Two angels stood guard at the entrance thereto.
The angel of death said, "They'll tend to you."
Then quickly he vanished to come back to earth—
He takes every mortal, regardless of worth.

The angels said, "Miser, why did you bring gold?
No money is needed within our fold.
The way that you hoarded that money was sin;
Now keep it and go, you cannot enter in."

The miser's soul sickened in ghastly despair.
He turned, and the Devil was grimacing there.
"Oh come," said the fiend, "with me down below,
I'll show you where misers with money go."

LIFE IN VERSE

But the angel of Death came again on the scene.
He said, "Mr. Miser, though wicked you've been,
I'll take you again and leave you on earth.
It may be your soul will have a new birth.

Discard not your shroud, stop quaking with fear,
Three days you shall lie in state on a bier,
Your friends and your foes shall file past you too,
I'll note the comments that they make upon you."

The first to walk past was a beautiful girl,
She said, "In disdain his lip is still curled:
I remember the time when I asked him for aid,
I'm shuddering still at the answer he made.

An old man came next his eyesight was dim.
He said, "Let me take one last look at him.
I've known him for years, and low be it said,
But men of his type are much better dead."

The miser's own brother with gaze that was cold,
Said, "There lies a man who worshipped his gold.
I remember the time when my baby had died;
He passed by my house with head turned aside."

Next came a woman with face set and grim
A hardened light shone, her eyes from within.
She said, "Though they've laid him in beautiful state
He yet is the man who taught me to hate."

Ah, useless to count all the things that were said,
Not one word in favor of him who lay dead.
The angel of Death with wrath in his eye
Said "Wake up, oh miser, you're not fit to die."

The miser awoke with cold sweat on his brow.
He said, "I've been blind but it's plain to me now;
The vision I've had is a warning to me.
I vow from this moment more human I'll be.

He fell on his knees and he uttered a prayer:
"Oh, Lord, give me strength other's burdens to share.
Most humbly I'll live for the good I can do
So when next I am brought Lord, you may let me through."

LIFE IN VERSE

NAMING THE MONKEY

There's a new baby out there in Deming,
Officials are seeking a name,
Whoever can label the youngster,
May win some transitory fame.

Two dollars are offered the winner,
I wonder who'll capture the prize!
Before the great thing is decided,
Important discussion shall rise.

The many suggestions submitted
Will make final judgment so hard;
The mother, so proud of the baby,
The secret of sex closely guards.

The name that is given the monkey
At present referred to as "it"
Must come from the brain of a genius,
A male or a female to fit.

Now I am not witty nor clever,
I dare not aspire to fame,
But I'd like to offer suggestion
For finding that baby a name.

The notion that we are related
To apes is the rankest pollution,
But I'd be for naming the youngster
For the ones who taught such evolution.

Since they without any compunction
Propounded such views to a nation,
I think that we give fitting tribute,
When for them we name their relation.

And then, when the name it is chosen,
I think, just to finish the lark,
You might raise a fund, Mr. Carbon,
For a party in sweet Deming Park.

You might ask the folks who have plenty,
To throw in some nickels and dimes
To purchase some buns and some weiners,
Was ever a more fitting time?

LIFE IN VERSE

The fuel is there and the ovens
 With thousands of men unemployed;
If you could arrange such a banquet
 The children would be overjoyed.

I know that's a tall proposition,
 But folks, do the best that you can
If only to prove the great difference
 There is between monkey and man.

THE MEETING OF THE LAWYERS

You men now are meeting and talking of law,
What more you are thinking of course I don't know.
From near and afar, from corners remote,
You gather today in old Terre Haute.

Your wives are left home—you wanted no fuss,
You may start to argue—you may want to "cuss."
Be that as it may 'tis no part of my plan
To censure your methods nor rattle your clan.

You'll talk of the cases you've won or you've lost,
The times when you battled nor counted the cost.
You'll talk of the fees—of the large and the small,
And think of the times you got nothing at all.

You'll talk of the loops in the laws of your race
You'll think of the crooks you would like to efface.
The bootleggers, hijackers, bold racketeers
You'd like to have them by the lobe of the ears.

I'm wishing you joy in your meeting today.
I'd like to "tune in" on the things that you say.
I hope you came sober and leave us the same
In all future battles you play a straight game.

The Bible says "Woe unto doctors and you;"
Is that for the things that you say and you do?
If principles lag and you end up in Hades
Again you must stag and leave out the ladies.

LIFE IN VERSE

TO LINTON

Tread slowly, speak softly, the hour has come,
Linton is shocked, the death knell has boomed;
Twenty-eight miners have died in the blast—
How little they thought that shift was the last.

Down in the bowels of the earth they had worked
Where death and destruction so stealthily lurked.
Thus day after day for bread they did strive—
Just seven of them were brought out alive.

And they—who can tell what sorrow was theirs?
To hear men screaming in ghastly despair,
To know they were helpless—no aid they could give,
They cannot forget as long as they live.

Brave men to the rescue—'twas ever the same—
Their deeds should be marked in the chapters of fame;
By treacherous afterdamp so handicapped,
They thought not of this—their buddies were trapped.

Many hours they toiled in feverish haste
For time it was vital, no moment to waste.
'Twas due to these men who so bravely did strive
That seven trapped miners were brought out alive.

And what of the women who stood waiting there,
Their hearts being rent by the pangs of despair;
They could not descend down that treacherous hole
But their task of waiting was hardest of all.

When word was sent up that some yet did live
The women stood waiting too scared to believe,
Then, quick through the air went cheers of joy,
As each mother whispered: "Have they got my boy?"

Yes! fathers and brothers and sweethearts did fall—
Another brief verse in the hist'ry of coal;
When winter time comes with zero and frost
We pile on the coal—not counting the cost.

Today it is Linton who suffers the blow,
Where next it might fall—no mortal can know;
The miners are flirting with death every day,
As they jestingly reckon the days on the pay.

LIFE IN VERSE

Ah Linton, we're sorry such grief befell you;
We want you to know that we're mourning too.
On behalf of this city in brief words I quote
The deepest regrets of old Terre Haute.

DEMING PARK

I wearied one day of the din in the city
The dull cares of life press'd sore at my heart;
When stores they were sultry and sidewalks were gritty,
I wended my way out to sweet Deming Park.

I stood at the entrance amazed at the beauty,
Saw God at His best in nature portrayed,
When, bursting with rapture or reverent duty
The birds trilled their praises to Him unafraid.

The lake it was placid—so languid and still,
The goldfish were flitting in peace to and fro;
The flowers with incense the air seemed to fill,
A soft breeze from heaven was whispering low.

A rustic seat waiting 'neath giant oak tree,
With many crude letters carved out in the bark;
Two hearts with an arrow so sweetly told me
That love had been anchored in sweet Deming
Park.

Through green leafy bowers the sunlight was streaming
On soft mossy carpet and velvety grass.
So sweet were the visions that came to me, dreaming
They leave in my memory an imprint to last.

Ah! wonderful landscape! no pen can describe thee,
Such power to mortal it never was given,
The best that is in me I humbly ascribe thee,
Thy beauty it must be a reflex of heaven.

Ye keepers who guard it, oh cherish the duty,
Life could not assign you a more noble part;
Oh cherish and guard it, but mar not its beauty,
Just leave it forever as sweet Deming Park.

LIFE IN VERSE

THAT LITTLE GAME

Some play bridge and some play euchre
 Some five hundred, some play pool;
Some will say of pleasures youthful
 Poker calls for judgment cool.

Different folks have their opinion
 Of the game that they play well;
But in all this wide dominion
 Grief like mine they could not tell.

Simple, yes to men of letters
 But an art of arts to me;
Oh I never knew that Checkers
 Could so wreck my harmony.

It was simple how I learned it,
 Not to play, but beaten be;
Now that Checker board I'd burn it,
 If the thing belonged to me.

Do not tell me I'm vindictive,
 Do not preach the loser's smile;
Oh my language is restricted
 When I'm losing all the while.

In to Harlan Motors' building
 We had gone to talk of cars;
Salesmen were to pleasure yielding
 Playing Checkers up to par.

For a time I watched with pleasure
 Every move with careful eye;
Then with hope I could not measure
 I enquired if I might try.

To their credit be it written
 They were full of chivalry;
Did they know ill-luck was hidden
 In the chair they gave to me?

First I played against Bob Glover,
 Started in without a word;
Very soon the game was over,
 He had cleaned me off the board.

LIFE IN VERSE

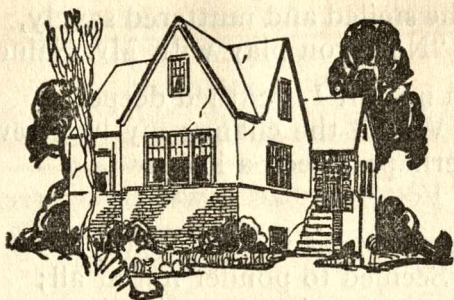
For a while I rallied bravely
 But no vict'ry could attain;
 Then he smiled and muttered sagely,
 "Now you play with Mr. Gaines."
 For an instant I breathed deeper,
 Would the change my luck reverse?
 Oh! perhaps I need a keeper
 For from bad it went to worse.
 Oh he moved his men so lightly,
 Seemed to ponder not at all;
 Jumping over mine so sprightly,
 Soon he had collected all.
 Well I knew that I was vanquished,
 Useless to prolong the pain;
 Many days and years shall languish
 Ere I try to play again.

VISITING

Build up the fire, draw up the chairs,
 Bring out the cards, let's all play fair,
 Our fun we must make, while nights are so long,
 We'll play games of rummy, mixed up with a song.
 There's hearts and there's diamonds, clubs and spades
 Aunt can't understand, doesn't know how they're played,
 She sits in the rocker, a book in her hand,
 Munching her peanuts—oh my but they're grand.
 My artful opponent, a cousin—a cousin is he,
 He shuffles the cards and gives some to me;
 The score goes against me, I do not know why,
 Till I glance at that cousin, with glint in his eye.
 I see now the secret—to double the fun,
 That rascal had cheated, I'd only won one;
 I quit on the instant, ambition all shorn,
 For men have been cheating since Adam was born.

LIFE IN VERSE

ENGLAND



Oh dearest land that still must be,
Fairest in all the world to me,
Tonight I sit, and dream of thee,
My England.

Ah! Couldst thou know that all the while,
A daughter here in durance vile,
Must now from thee remain exiled,
Dear England.

When lovely dawn breaks over thee
With new born roses on the trees,
Shake but one dew-drop off for me,
My England.

And as it lieth glistening there
A whisp'ring wind says that one tear
Was shed for weary exile here,
In England.

Choose rose of deepest red for me,
Fit emblem of my heart 'twill be
But Ah! its thorn let no man see,
Dear England.

At night, when lulled by gentle sleep
Forgetful of the ocean deep,
'Tis then in dreams, my spirit creeps,
To England.

LIFE IN VERSE

But when morning breaks again,
My waking thoughts renew the pain,
That comes when I must sigh in vain
For England.

Fate has decreed that I must roam
In foreign lands, far from home
'Twere vain to beckon me to come,
My England.

When tempests rage, and storm clouds scowl
O'er thy domain and wild winds howl,
Can'st hear the cry of an anguished soul?
My England.

Ah when my soul must meet its God
And this form turn to lifeless clod
Could I but rest beneath thy sod,
My England.

In years to come, when thy lowering skies
These words of mine immortalize
Wilt thou still be deaf to my spirit's cries?
My England.

How I have lov'd thee none can tell,
Have pictured every lake and dell,
And now I breathe a fond farewell,
My England.

While loved ones far across the sea,
Their weary vigil keep for me,
God's peace to them and thee
Dear England.

THE FIGHT

Two little boys had come to blows,
Were hitting hard as bitter foes.
Not knowing why the fray did start
By shoulders I took them apart.

I said, "Now boys, it's wrong to fight."
"Oh no," said one, "I know it's right.
He kicked my dog who is a pet,
And just you wait, I'll get him yet."

"And what of you?" the other cried,
To spoil my sister's dress you tried,
And when this lady homeward goes,
I'll black your eyes and punch your nose."

I scarce from smiling could refrain
As thus to me they did explain;
How could I tell them not to fight
With each so sure that he was right?

I said, "Now boys, it's plain to me
You both are full of chivalry,
The boy who takes a sister's part,
A bully cannot be at heart.

And I admire and must respect
The boy who would his dog protect.
You boys are both of sterling brand,
There's something I don't understand.

A sheepish look came o'er each face,
Of penitence I saw a trace.
One said, "His sister's dress I rent,
But it was done by accident."

The other stared at him wide-eyed,
He said, "And when my sister cried,
It was while running fast to her,
By accident I kicked your cur."

Ah, now I saw as plain as day,
Each felt regrets they would not say.
Of grown men they reminded me
As each withheld apology.

LIFE IN VERSE

I said, "Now Boys, though you are small,
Please take this tip—the best of all,
Just learn to say you're sorry, then
You emulate the biggest men.

Right then I saw to make amends
The two decided to be friends.
I knew with that adventure passed
They'd stick together, firm and fast.

And glad I was that I had staved
Until I'd made the tangle straight.
So many are the human frays
Which understanding could erase.

THE BET

Once I knew a doctor—his principles were true.
He'd smile and say "Good morning, now tell me how are
you?"

But when he'd stand and tell you he would come soon again,
Then 'ware expectant patient, his promises are vain.

Sometimes all unexpected he would come bouncing in,
And then to read the riot act, 'twould seem like a sin.
But few indeed the visits that he paid you by surprise,
And then the light of penitence was shining in his eyes.

Once when on a visit to a patient very ill
He smiled and said "Don't worry, you have caught a nasty
chill."

The patient said "All right sir, I'll soon be well no doubt,
But not if I depend upon your promise carried out."

That tickled up his conscience, he answered with a grin.
"Now sure as Thursday comes again, I'll bet these gloves
I'm in."

"Forsooth" the patient answered; and sure he lost the bet,
But the bet was like the promise for he never paid it yet.

Two Thursdays they had gone before the visit it was paid,
And then the rascal spoke not of the bet that he had made;
Though when called upon to settle he was humble as a dove,
And pleaded "Oh don't take them, for they were my mar-
riage gloves."

LIFE IN VERSE

REO

My Reo, you coughed and you sputtered
This morning because you were cold.
Or did I imagine you muttered
To me that you were growing old?

A "twenty-five" title describes you,
Oh Reo, that's barely six years.
Some moderns will mock and deride you,
Their jibes almost move me to tears.

They know not how often together
We covered the miles—you and I.
With you I could laugh at the weather
When snowflakes were scurrying by.

To you I confided my troubles,
Your purring proved you were alive
When fate burst my bright, fairy bubbles,
We battled it out—you and I.

Each year you have had a new sister
More modern and showing things new.
I've never been sorry I missed her
I was so contented in you.

I know you can't work without fuel,
You've proved it to me many times;
But Reo, today you are cruel,
Your stomach is fuller than mine.

They tell me that your radiator
For alcohol loudly does whine;
Oh Reo, have you turned dictator,
Or drunkard who clamors for "shine?"

Ah no, that is false accusation
And should not be uttered by me,
For never by human creation
A more faithful friend could I see.

So gently I'll bend as you chortle
To me that you are growing old;
'Twas ever with motors and mortals,
The weakest must go to the wall.

LIFE IN VERSE

In spring when the weather's enticing,
 You'll start without twinges of pain.
I'll buy you a shining new license,
 We'll go to the old haunts again.

You'll see many shining relations
 To cheap popularity grown;
But keep up your head in elation,
 No record can shadow your own.

My Reo, some day they will "junk" you,
 They'll knock you in pieces apart.
And never they'll know as they thump you
 That somewhere they struck at my heart.

THE CITY MAKESHIFT

(With apologies to "The Village Blacksmith")

Under the spreading chestnut tree, there sits the used car
 man,
His eye is fixed on you and me, he learns whate'er he can,
The muscles on his brawny arms are soft as baby hands,
He looks the whole world in the face—he'll trade with any
 man.

Week in week out from morn till night, he sees his business
 soar,
Sometimes he'll droop his heavy lids, at times you'll hear
 him snore
Like hoggies running round the farm when the evening sun
 is low

And on the day he draws a pay, we wonder what it's for.

He goes on Sunday to that lot and sits amongst his cars,
While parsons preach he sits and plots for dollars near or far.
Singers in the village choir to him no interest are
And if he dreams of Paradise, it's bargains in used cars.

Talking, trading, harrowing, onward through life he goes,
Each morning sees some task begun: evening may see it close
And as he lays him down to sleep, one prayer alone he knows,
"A fish located—a sucker skinned—has earned a night's
 repose."

THE DEATH OF 1930

I wandered forth on New Year's Eve
As likewise many others,
Some were in search of revelry
Like greeting long-lost brothers.

Old Volstead scuttled off to bed,
Oh, still as death was he;
Some mortals merry dances led
While many went on spree.

My spirit it roamed o'er the land
By unseen guidance led
The old year waved his parting hand
To mingle with the dead.

It was the same o'er all the earth,
His death was mourned by none
And many drew a deeper breath,
When they knew he had gone.

His figures totalled to thirteen—
We were not superstitions,
Until we saw that he had been
So cruel and so vicious.

Oh, how he chuckled as he saw
The mischief he had done;
He cried, "I struck—I hit them low,
I hit them every one."

As he watched o'er the banquets rare,
And knew he'd ne'er come back
He did pass out, I will declare,
O'er many an empty stomach.

But as the bells began to chime,
The midnight hour of twelve,
The bright New Year said, "I have time
Your deviltries to shelve.

LIFE IN VERSE

As you go out, now mark this truth,
Anathema is legion,
So I consign you with a boot
To Satan's hottest region."

TO MIDGE

A little dog was buried in a garden plot today
Ah me! I was so sorry when I heard she'd passed away.
For years she was companion to a friend of mine so dear,
And you may think I'm foolish, but I can't withhold a tear.
At times like many mothers, I feel I've cares galore
With romping son and daughter yet with life I can't be
bored.
If at times I am despondent they will give a merry jog,
But my friend has no such blessings, so she loved a little dog.
When I met with bereavement and it seemed I too must die,
My dog was sympathetic, but he could not dry my eyes.
My boy was young and awkward, yet his stalwart shoulders
bore
A giant's share of that great blow which cut me to the core.
And next to him my girlie, with smiling, winsome face,
Exerted every effort to bring me some solace.
But when my friend was stricken, for her mother's death to
weep,
'Twas then that little Midgey into her lap did creep.
And who shall say she did not know just why her mistress
wept?
I felt that she did understand as closer yet she crept.
There must have flashed some comfort as she licked that
trembling hand,
In dog-like way Midge seemed to say, "She's with the Angel
Band."
I think that dog or mortal while on this earth they stay
Should bear each other's burdens, and help from day to day.
For ten years little Midgey shared grief and gladness too,
'Tis not for her I shed the tear, my friend, it is for you.

LIFE IN VERSE

THE CONE

I was walking on Wabash Avenue,
The night it was bitter and cold,
In and out of the stores I had wandered,
Where the silks and the cottons were sold.
As the wind blew a little more icy,
Deeper down went my chin in the fur;
A dog, with a whine shuffled by me,
The night was too cold for the cur.

The signs on the stores shone so brightly,
They twinkled and beckoned to all
And one that shone over a drug store
Decided for me the next call.
I thought I'd partake of a sandwich,
With a cup of good tea that would warm;
I had scarce found a seat that was vacant,
When I felt a light touch on my arm.

I turned and a boy was beside me,
His years were quite few I could see,
In sweet childish voice he inquired,
"Will you please buy a paper from me?"
"Of course; that is just what I wanted,
To study the news for a time,"
I looked in my purse for some money,
But could find neither nickel or dime.

I have not been pampered by fortune,
I've never had much wealth, but still,
That night I just had a new twenty
And I felt half ashamed of the bill.
But the boy did not blink for a moment,
As his eyes met me clearly and true,
Bright and eager that little voice offered,
"Let me go and get change for you."

I told him to buy an ice cream cone,
To eat it and then come back to me;
So long as I live I'll remember
How those little eyes twinkled with glee.

LIFE IN VERSE

I had not then guessed he was hungry,
I thought any child liked a cone,
When I saw how he licked at that morsel,
I felt I was turning to stone.

As he swallowed the last little fragment,
He came once again to my side,
I thought I would buy him a supper,
But another boy then he espied.
It seemed he was shrinking with fear,
As he thrust all the change in my hand,
The big boy laid a hand on his shoulder,
With a look I could not understand.

And yet I could see that no harshness
Was signalled to one from the other,
I glanced at the elder boy's features,
And thought that the two must be brothers.
With gentle insistence he ushered
That sweet little vendor outside,
I looked up and saw that the waitress
Was watching with critical eye.

They were gone and I tried to dismiss them,
As a common event from my mind,
But that night when I lay on my pillow,
No sweet, restful peace could I find.
When it seemed I had tossed there for hours,
And I thought that it soon would be dawn,
I fell into troubled sleep dreaming,
Of newspapers, children and cones.

I thought that the dream was a warning,
I should buy that small newsboy a meal.
I went oft again to the drug store,
But no touch on the arm did I feel.
I sought him on every occasion,
Yet always the search was in vain,
Then I called on the waitress to help me,
The reply that she made gave me pain.

LIFE IN VERSE

"We have stopped them from coming inside ma'm,
A nuisance they were to be sure,
We cannot have patrons importuned
By children because they are poor,
He was in here sometimes nigh on midnight,
To sell out before he went home."
My heart missed a beat as I realized
The price he had paid for his cone.

With a lump in my throat I besought her,
To tell me the manager's name,
I would plead for the boy's reinstatement
For I knew I deserved all the blame.
I explained to the man that the infant,
No favor from me had besought,
Alas, I soon saw that my pleading,
No change in his countenance wrought.

Politely he listened my story,
Then firmly the answer he made.
"I cannot permit them to come here,
I have to consider my trade.
Some patrons object to these newsboys,
Especially the chap with a girl
Who feels that perhaps a refusal
Might label him then as a churl.

And the man hates to have a small newsboy,
Who oft has a grimy wee face.
Come bother him then when he's dining
With the girl in her chiffons and lace."
'Twas useless to press the point further;
I knew that my mission had failed:
That manager fain would have pleased me,
But he feared the risk it entailed.

Oh sheiks, when you dine out in public,
With your sweetest and very best girl,
Take heed when you see a small newsboy,
If upward the carmined lip curls,

LIFE IN VERSE

Then heed not her chiffons and laces,
For her sweetest of smiles do not fall—
The girl who would slight a small newsboy
Is worthy of love not at all.

O generous, pitying Saviour,
Of whom that sweet story is told
How children were pressed to your bosom,
As dear little lambs in the fold,
Have I read the story aright, Lord,
Do I fail to grasp what it means?—
For I seek all in vain for one time, Lord,
When you said "If their faces are clean."

APRIL

Gentle your breezes that waft through the air
Lovely the days, when your mood it is fair,
Yet you are capricious with sunshine and rain,
We dare not rejoice, you are so apt to change.

We have not been taught by the calendar year,
When speaking of months, to say he or her,
Such method if used, few would understand,
Or I should say April, you must be a man.

There's April and Adam, who knows which was first?
For changing and caprice, oh which was the worst?
Far down through the ages, so fickle their name,
So inconsistent, not two days the same.

A smile in the morning with nature in tune,
Ah then must we wonder, will this last till noon?
Or will we encounter a darkening cloud,
And listen to thunder, that's threatening loud?

Oh April, your spirit of caprice is full,
Yet shorn of such changes, this life would be dull,
So many the things we cannot understand,
But still I say April, you must be a man.

LIFE IN VERSE

A MILD DAY IN FEBRUARY

Oh February! as I walk
 Abroad this lovely day,
I feel the sun shine down on me,
 And watch the children play.

I find it hard to realize,
 To winter you belong,
As sparrows chirping in a tree,
 Give hope of future song.

To you has been assigned the task
 To bid us look for Spring,
You tell us that we soon shall see
 The flowers blossoming.

And when the first sweet snowdrop comes,
 To nod her spotless head,
You bid us mortals understand
 That nature is not dead.

O Nature! Book of Mystery!
 Beyond the mortal mind,
Your open pages sealed to us—
 The Author is Divine.

ILLUSION AND DIS—

Time was to me the world seemed fair
 In friendship's golden gleams,
I thought a world of meaning lurked
 Where smiles upon me beamed.

But carking care upon me called
 With sickness, want and gloom.
I, trusting, to my friends did turn
 And found that they—were none.

If misery loves company
 So does old Dollar Bill,
But faithless friends don't worry me
 For God is with me still.

LIFE IN VERSE

MY NURSE

A sprightly little maiden
 With sweet and roguish smile
Makes light the days of sickness,
 Her presence so beguiles.

When pain develops fever,
 Seen plain in parched lips,
She brings a glass of water,
 And gently whispers—"Sip!"

I feel the touch of heaven
 In her hand upon my brow;
Angels could not murmur softer,
 "Are you feeling better now?"

Her years are just eleven,
 But her wisdom tenfold more,
And we pray that death won't part us
 E'en for Heaven's brighter shore.

Now she nestles in beside me
 For she wants to sleep awhile:
Please, God, bless the nurse and patient,
 A mother and her child.

A SURGEON'S PRAYER

Dear Lord, as I must work this day,
 Mere tool of Thy Great Will:
The masses will the tribute lay
 To my unerring skill.

And yet I know 'tis Thou who guides
 The hand that wields the knife.
How oft my falt'ring lips have cried,
 "O Master, spare this life."

Impotent I—just of the clay
 That Thou hast fashioned man,
And when Thou bid'st me cease I'll pray,
 "Lord, take me as I am."